

MARVEL®
25th Aug 90

THE REAL

NO 115 45p

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GHSTBUSTERS™

AIEEE!

...BEHIND YOU!!

JANINE,
THIS IS AN
OPERA, NOT A
PANTOMIME!

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Egon and Janine have a real *fright at the opera* this week when **The Real Ghostbusters** confront a *baritone beastie* who is determined to destroy his old rival and end it all on a *high note*! Sounds like a genuine *culture shock-er* in this week's pages of **Winston's Diary**! An honour, indeed.

If you're into tossing cabers then our first story will be right up your street. Unfortunately, though, a most unfriendly reception awaits **The Real Ghostbusters** when they take the high road to the Isle of Murk in **Bony Prince Charlie**! At least it gives them a chance to slip into something more comfortable!

In addition to the regular favourites, we give you the fourth instalment of **Toad Island**! So hop to it!

CONTENTS

Bony Prince Charlie!	3
Spengler's Spirit Guide	8
Colouring Page	9
Winston's Diary	10
Ghostbusters' Fact File: Demon Dentist	13
Toad Island! – Part Four	15
Ghost Writing	21
Dead True!	23
Next Issue Box/ Blimey! It's Slimer!	24

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



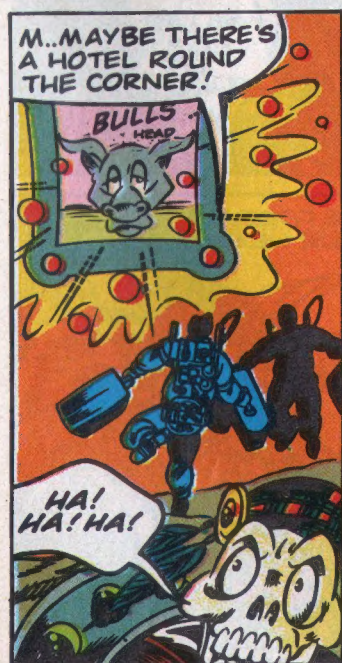
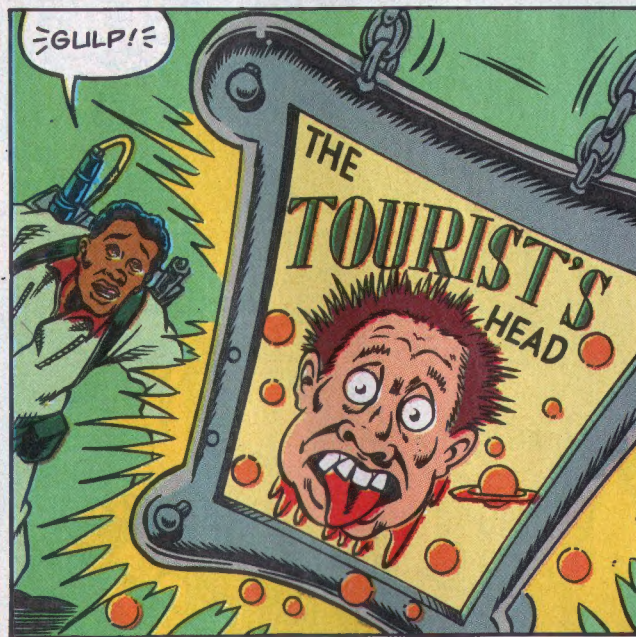
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MELNITZ



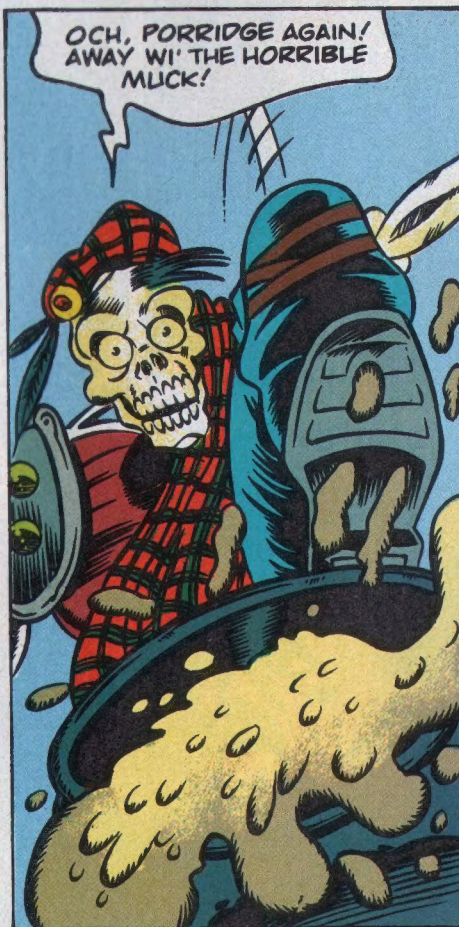
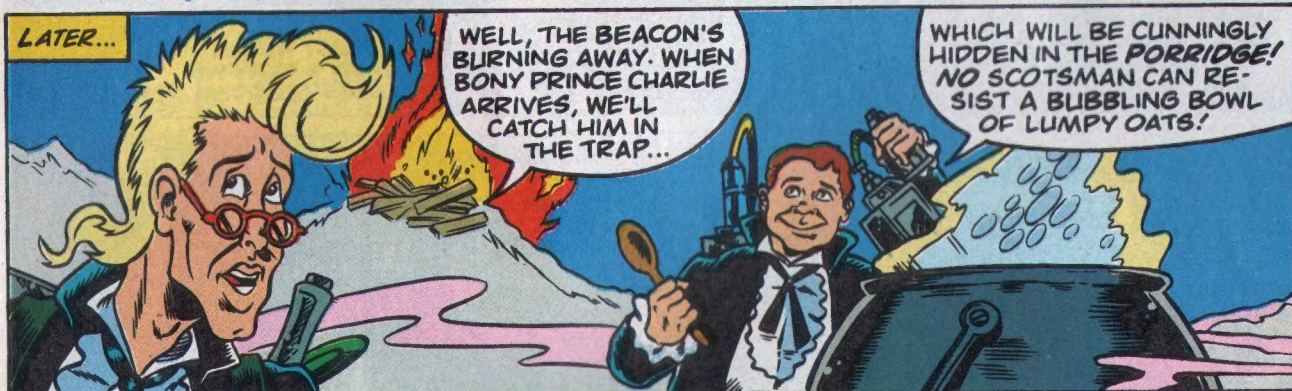
SLIMER

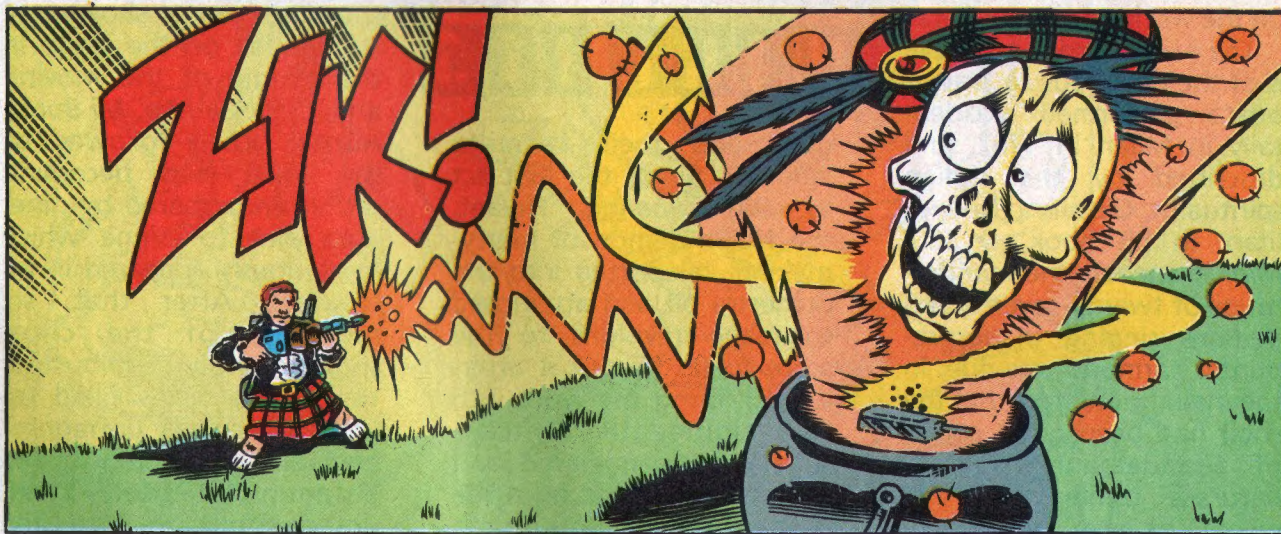
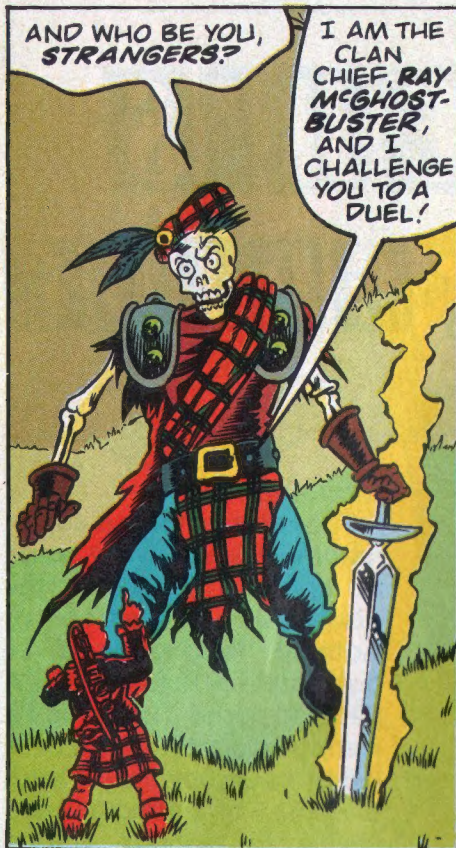
THE REAL STBUSTERS™











SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

Mrs Hortense Wheelclap of the Dumpton Gap Operetta Society wrote in asking if her favourite love (opera) ever had any connections to her second favourite interest (the occult), and if so, how? The answer, Mrs Wheelclap, is very definitely yes. I'll devote the Guide this week to a brief chronology of the supernatural's bearing on the world of grand opera.

The earliest mention I have is of the notorious *La Travastieata* performed accidentally in Milan in 1767, and described by the Italian spiritualist, Giovanni Neopolitan, in his book, *O Soul Mio!* It appears the manifestation of twenty-seven quasidemons singing in contrapuntal harmony was due, in the main, to the fact that the choir had been given copies of Brandalbaum's *Supernaturalis* rather than the words to the operetta *Il Trevorbrooking* they were meant to be rehearsing. The practice ended in complete disarray, although bystanders said the combination of demonic singing and human screaming was surprisingly harmonious.

In 1845, Richard Wagtale suffered phantom interference during the first performance of his opera sequence '*The Rung Cycle*', a massive work derived from the legends of the Norse



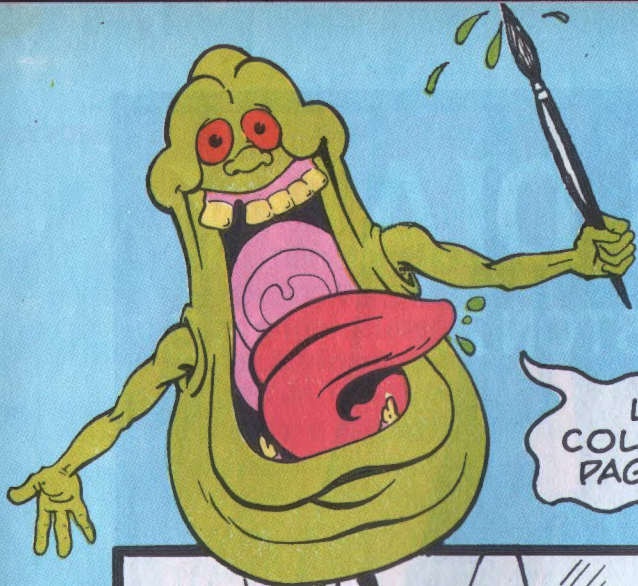
PART 115

gods and their favourite ladders. During the first act of *Das Nibelung*, Hwaet, the Norse demon of merry-making, teleported into the orchestra pit and attempted to make revisions to the score to (as he put it afterwards) 'bring the work into the eighteenth century'. Artistic tempers flared and Hwaet was ejected from the Bayreuth Opera House with one of the tubas still hooked on his horns. Some years later, another Wagtale opera was disturbed by the very gods who had inspired it. Thor popped up during a run-through of *Stirfriend and his Elder* and was, it was reported, a little put-out about the representation of Norse Gods in general and Norse Gods of Thunder in particular. "Are you Thor?" Wagtale asked him. "Thor?" he replied, "I'm abtholutely

furiouth!"

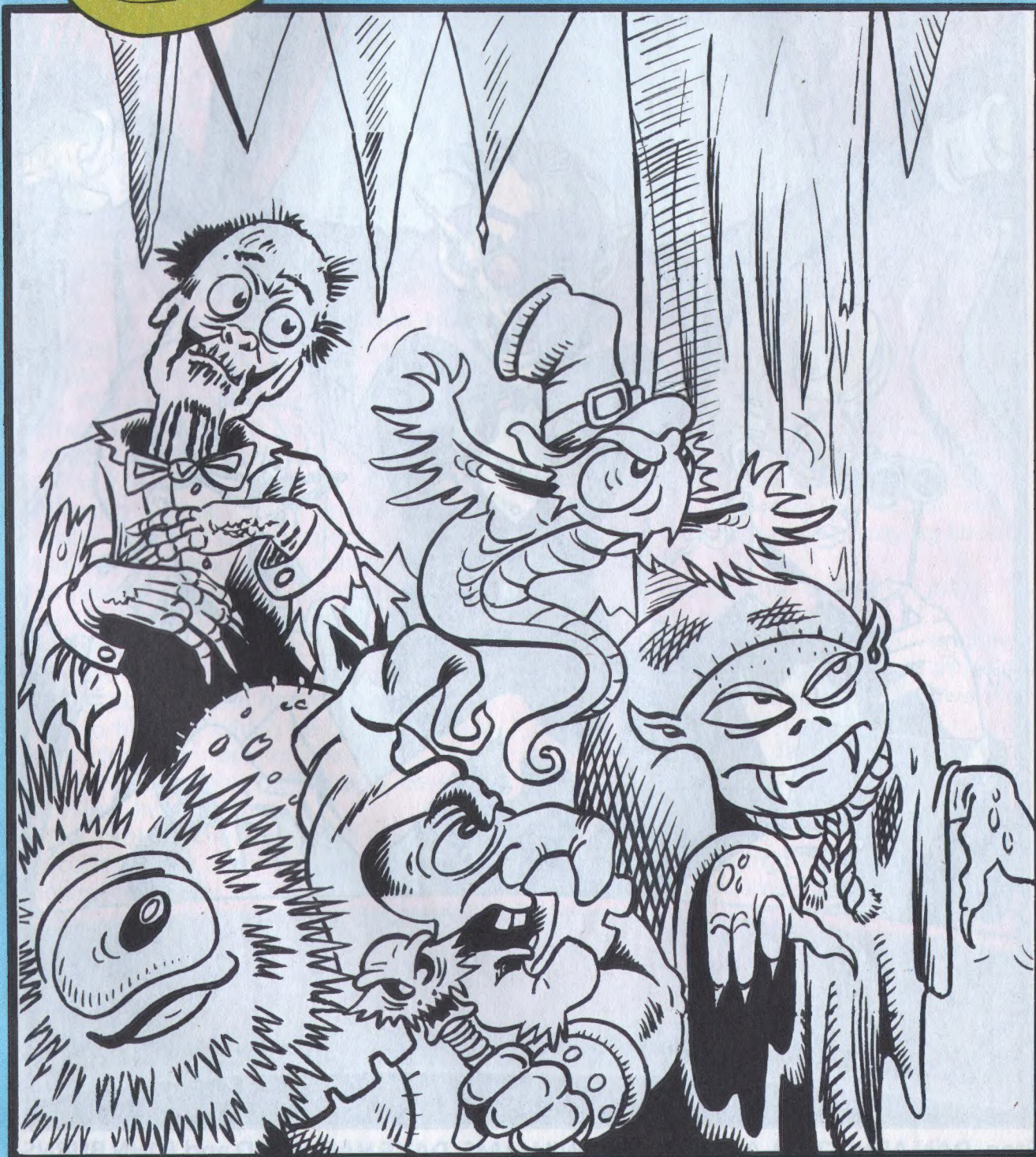
The most notorious supernatural incident in the world of opera is of course the disastrous production of Antonio Puccindogga's *La Bohemian* in Rome, 1897. A pack of bored Yldammic Pit Fiends thought it would be 'a laugh' to occupy the pit (such a sense of humour) and heckle throughout. During the first act, a shower of turnips fell on the stage in the middle of the moving aria, *O Blessa Mio, Mi Bonce Hurtes*, closely followed by the male lead becoming rather encumbered by nineteen pints of slime which mysteriously appeared in his trousers. After that, six members of the choir spontaneously combusted, two opera boxes filled up with particularly unfragrant goo and J'Klastimuck, the Yldammic leader, tried unsuccessfully to lead the audience in a rousing sing-along of the programme notes to the tune of '*My Old Man's A Carbuncular Squetrohedron, He Wears A Carbuncular Squetrohedron's Sharp Pointy Cap*', and the conductor asked Puccindogga to postpone the event. 'No!' replied the composer. 'It's not over until the fat lady sings!'

Unfortunately, as is now famous throughout the operatic world, she then did.



SPECTRAL SPECTRUM PAGE!

LOVELEE
COLOURING-IN
PAGEY-WAGEY!!



WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT  Art ANTHONY WILLIAMS, DAVE HARWOOD and JOHN BURNS

Thursday, 16th August 1990

This week saw the return of composer and operatic singer Guiseppe Ludwig Iachimo Balthazar Unfortunato to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. That's quite a comeback. He's been dead for two hundred years.

After the performance of *The Burglar of Saville* had ground to a halt for the third consecutive night, with audiences fleeing the Met screaming and with a capering, gibbering dark figure swinging about in the rafters, we were called in.

The Met was vast and empty, and as Egon poked about in the tiers of seats with his Sniffer, I read the back of the programme to find out a bit more about this Unfortunato. It seemed he'd been one of the greatest composers and singers of his day, celebrated in operatic circles from Vienna to Rome and then back again, sideways, to London. His operas (*The Burglar of Saville*, *Wikhedgrin*, *The Magic Flirt*, *Polkandot* and *Rigatoni*) were some of the most popular of his day.

Unfortunately, Unfortunato had died a sad and broken man. His great rival, Wolfgang Plank, had recieved huge acclaim for his latest opera (*Madame Hoverfly*) including one review which said that Plank was now a greater composer than Unfortunato. In his rage, Unfortunato had tried to burn down Plank's theatre, but had himself been trapped in the blazing building and had recieved terrible scars to his face which he hid beneath a mask for the rest of his life, never venturing outside or performing. He died, penniless, in obscurity.

The programme didn't tell me where obscurity was, but I guessed it was somewhere nasty in Central Europe. "Hey, Egon!" I called, hurrying down through the rows of seats to his side. "I think I've deduced a motive for Unfortunato to come back and haunt this place!"

Egon looked genuinely pleased. "I'm genuinely pleased!" he replied. "All I've been able to come up with is the idea that

he became a vengeful spirit as a result of being reviewed unfavourably alongside Wolfgang Plank, burned in an opera house fire and dying penniless and unknown in Obzkuratie, a sewage treatment facility in the Industrial Rhineland."

"Um" I said, finding something very interesting to look at below the proscenium arch. "What's that?"



"That's the orchestra pit" Egon said. "But what was that you were saying about Unfortunato?"

"No... beside the orchestra pit... I thought I saw something move..."

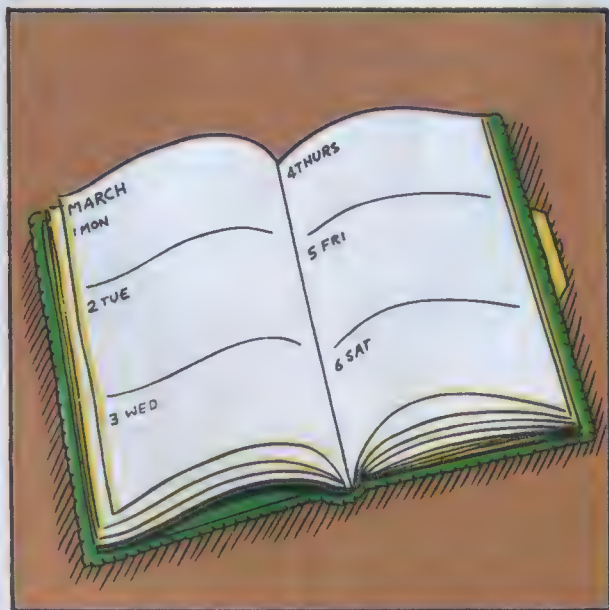
"Nonsense" snapped Egon tetchily, which of course it was. But it had at least taken his mind off the previous conversation.

Shortly after that, Janine arrived, struggling through the doors of the lower circle with a ghettoblaster, several speakers, and coil after coil of electrical cable. "Egon! I've brought the stuff you wanted. Now where do you want it?"

I helped her with the equipment and together we man (and woman) handled it down to the stage, where Egon connected it up. After ten minutes of rigging in cables and arranging speakers, he turned and handed me a cassette, with a fearful expression on his face. "Winston, stay here

and get ready to play this when I give the word. Janine and I will be up in the royal opera box in case there's an outbreak of ecto-symphonic atonal manifesting."

"Up in the opera box. . .?" I stammered. "What are you talking about?" "It's a private booth set aside for privileged members of the audience," Egon explained, "but that's not important right now."



I was so dumbstruck I couldn't think of a reply before they had disappeared in the direction of the stairs. When I saw them take their places high above, I sighed and popped the cassette into the machine. The opening notes of the overture to Wolfgang Plank's *Lasagne Verdi* exploded across the Met from the huge speakers.

"What's going to happen?" I bellowed up at the box above me. Egon said quite a lot in reply. I could see his mouth moving. I couldn't hear a word.

"Great," I murmured, and stood around, waiting. The music was quite exciting and I found myself tapping my toes and singing along to the "...bolognaise-issimo bolognaise-issimo. . ."

Then I looked into the orchestra pit and froze as I locked eyes with the baleful gaze of a hundred-strong skeletal orchestra, standing there in ragged tuxedos,

dripping slime, swaying in time to the music and making ghastly noises with their instruments.

"Egon!" I yelled. "There's trouble in the orchestra pit!"

"The orchestra pit?" He yelled back. "What is it?"

"It's a big hole at the front of the stage where the musicians sit," I snarled, getting my own back, "but that's not important right now! Do something!"

But Egon and Janine had trouble of their own – a dark, ghoulish, masked figure that swung out of the darkness above their box and began to threaten them with his grasping hands. The ghost of Unfortuno, I mused, needled into manifesting by the Plank opera we were playing. Now he had manifested, we had a target to aim for. Our Proton Guns caught the phantom in mid air just before he'd succeeded in grabbing Janine out of the box. There was an almighty scream, a jangle of eldritch music and a loud bang as the stereo blew up. Then Unfortuno vanished in a puff of protonically-reversed smoke.

One hundred music stands clattered to the floor of the pit as the orchestra vanished with him. Egon and Janine hurried down to join me on the stage. "Is it over?" I asked, more than a little hopefully.

"Er. . ." began Egon, shrugging towards another, writhing apparition that was moving across the stage towards us.

"I – am – the – ghost – of Wolfgang – Plank. . ." hissed the seething mass, "... you – will – not – treat – my – music – with – such disrespect. . ."

I'd had enough of opera, phantom of, or otherwise, by then. "Hey, Figaro!" I called crossly, charging up my Proton Gun for a second time. "Figure this!"

You should have seen that Figaro go!



DEMON DENTIST

Lurking behind the uninviting doors of the scary surgery, Drillum and Fillum, was the deadliest dentist of all! This particular tooth extractor revelled in the knowledge that his big, black, leather chair sent a shiver down the spine of even the bravest of patients. Unbeknown to Ray Stantz, he had booked an appointment with the driller chiller!

Ray decided that something was amiss when he heard the 'chink, chink' sound, as his wrists were secured to the cuffs at the side of the chair.

He tried to tell himself that the effects of the gas sedative were making his mind hallucinate. The buzzing, whirring sound of the drill, which appeared to be coming from the dentist's index finger, was even more uncomfortable than usual.

Ray staggered to the waiting room where one of his fellow Real Ghostbusters' sat – patiently! Peter, however, proved to be most unsympathetic to Ray's story. Demonic dentists and rancid receptionists indeed!

"See you soon?" laughed the ghostly figure in the white coat as Ray hot-footed it towards the exit. This was one appointment he'd been right to cancel.



HAVE YOU EVER WISHED THAT YOU COULD BE A **REAL** GHOSTBUSTER AND GO ON A **REAL** ADVENTURE?

Well, now you can – puzzles, mazes, quizzes, adventure PLUS a
FREE Slimer chewy bar to really get your teeth into!



So, you think you're ready to become a Real Ghostbuster! To be a fully-fledged ecto-eliminator, you have to be able to think on your feet and so to develop your spiritual vocabulary, here's a spooky word search for you to complete. All the words hidden in the grid, are listed below. Each word runs either horizontally or vertically and all you have to do is put a ring around each one you find. Your task is to find the five words on the list that are not in the grid.

G	H	O	S	T	B	U	S	T	I	N	G	A
S	Q	P	T	H	A	U	N	T	K	T	E	P
L	T	R	A	P	R	O	T	O	N	O	C	P
I	C	O	N	T	A	I	N	F	D	B	T	A
M	R	S	T	A	Y	P	U	F	T	I	O	R
E	E	P	Z	S	V	E	X	M	W	N	M	I
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E	O	E	F	M	E	L	A	N	O	T	E	E
A	M	R	F	Q	J	A	N	I	N	E	B	V
L	B	Y	E	S	U	S	G	U	N	R	A	I
E	N	T	R	A	P	M	E	N	T	C	T	L

GHOSTBUSTING
APPARITION
ENTRAPMENT
SLIME
ECTOPLASM
MR STAY PUFT
ECTOMOBILE
STANTZ
ETHEREAL
CONTAIN
HQ
SNIFFER
EVIL
CREEPY
SPENGLER
ZEDDMORE
RAY
EGON

JANINE
WINSTON
VENKMAN
PETER
PROTON
ZUUL
TOBIN
OGRE
VAMPIRE
GUN
HAUNT
WAIL
FANG
SPECTRAL
TOMB
SCREAM
MOON
BAT
TRAP

If you have found the five red herrings, you can collect your official busting equipment. If you haven't, you need more basic training. Why don't you consult Egon's Guide to All Things Spiritual on page 47?



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS PUZZLEBUSTER!
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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Part Four: Something lurks beneath the Amusement Park on Toad Island, and The Real Ghostbusters must journey down through the underground tunnels to confront it...



WHEN NOGAD DISAPPEARS INTO THE TUNNELS, THE GHOST-BUSTERS PERSUE HIM AS BEST THEY CAN.

KENNETH, WHICH WAY WOULD NOGAD HAVE GONE?

THEN LET'S SHED SOME LIGHT ON THOSE SECRETS!

PERHAPS THE FORBIDDEN TUNNEL. HE HAS MANY SECRETS FROM THOSE OF US NOT IN HIS INNER CIRCLE.

MY JOB DESCRIPTION DOESN'T INCLUDE CRUISING THROUGH THE SEWER OF LOVE.

WITH NOGAD CLOSE BY, YOU'LL BE SAFER WITH US.

BUT THERE'S ALSO THE POSSIBILITY OF ENCOUNTERING WHAT MY PKE METER DETECTED.

OR WHAT THAT ARTIST PAINTED!

YOU GUYS REALLY LOOK FORWARD TO MEETING THESE CREEBIES, DON'T YOU?

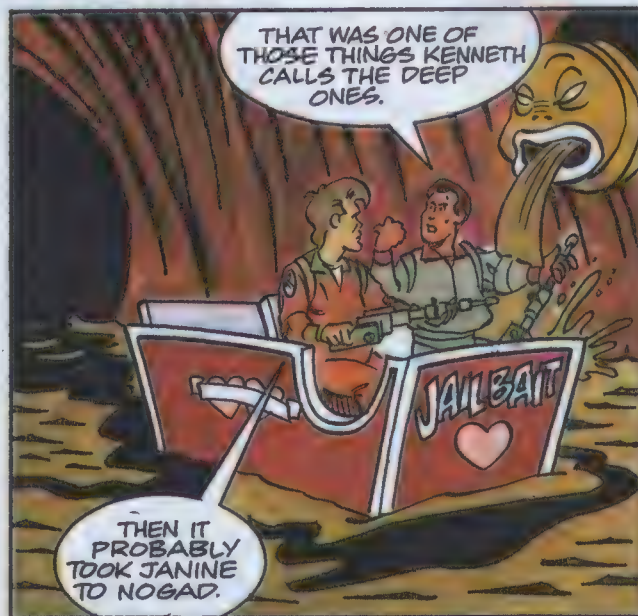
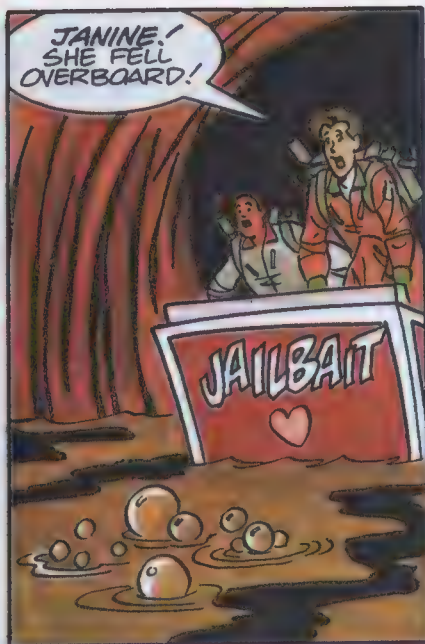
IT BEATS FIGHTING RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC OR WORKING AT FATBURGER!

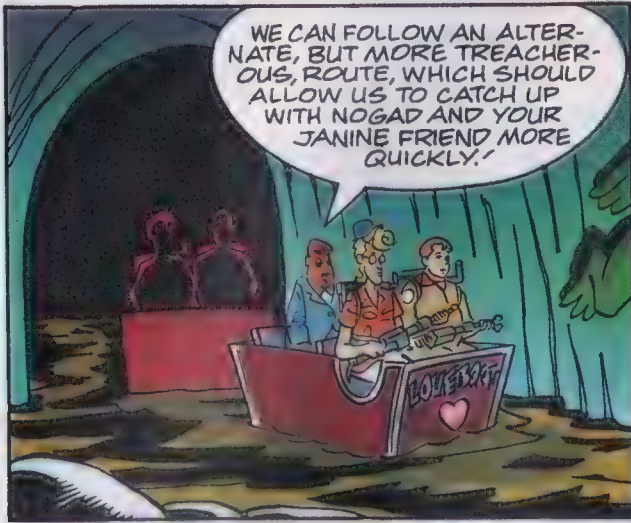
PUTTA PUTTA PUTTA PUTTA PUTTA

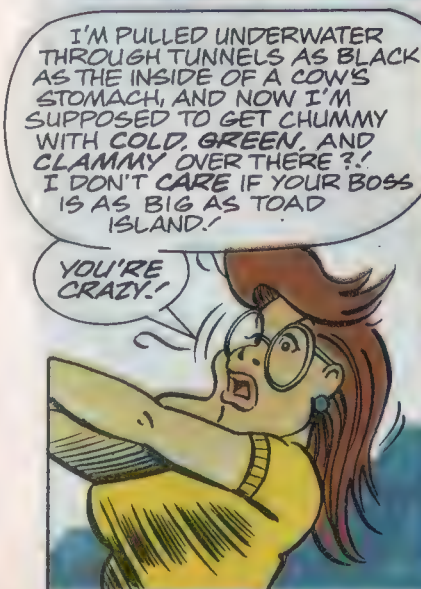
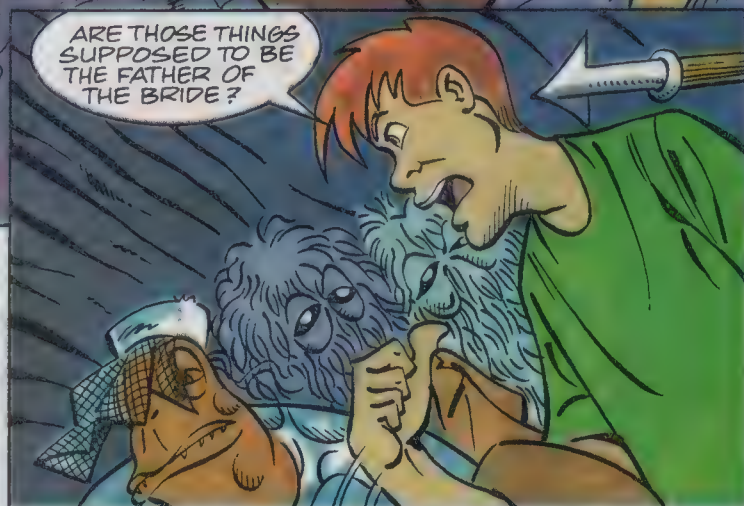
WHY DO I THINK THAT TAKING A CAB BACK TO THE FIREHOUSE WOULD HAVE BEEN THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR?

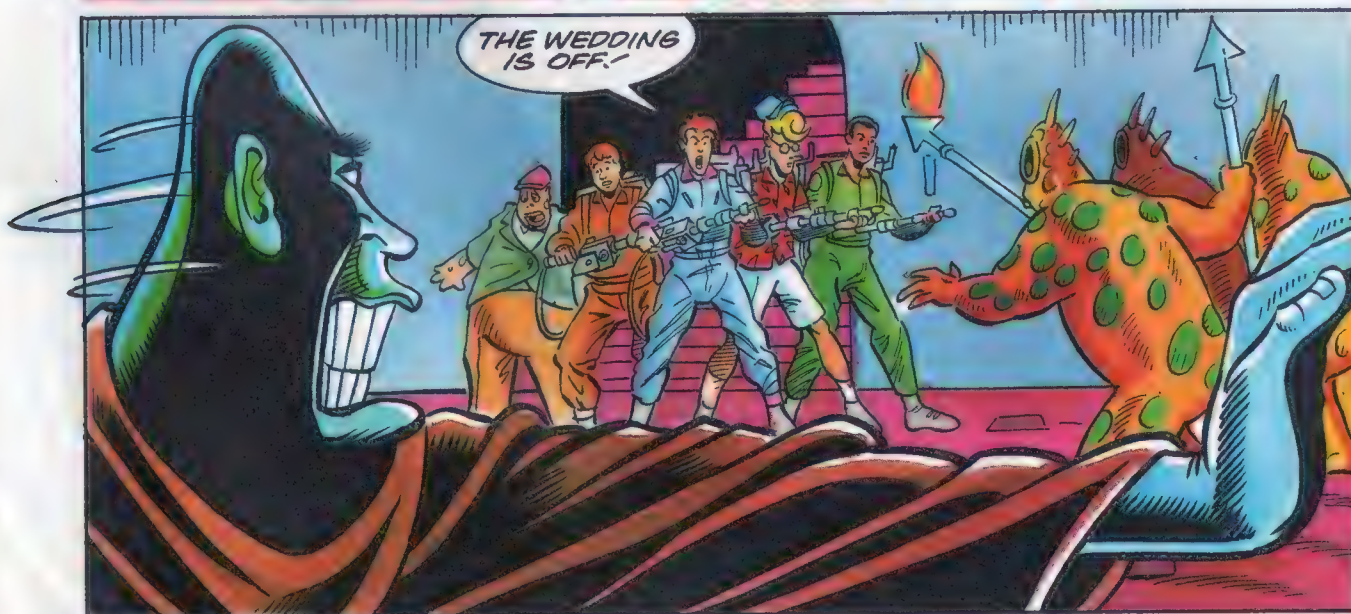
HELPPP! GLUGG!

KERSPLASH









MEET THE...



**PACKED WITH FUN AND
ADVENTURE EVERY FORTNIGHT!**

GH^{OST} WRITING!



Okay, here I go again delving into the most horrific things the Real Ghostbusters have ever had to face!

Dear Peter...

I have some questions to ask you:

1. What happens if you cross the streams?
2. Will the Containment Unit ever get full up?
3. How many ghosts will fit in one trap?

— Mark Webb, Silver End

1. Serious Trouble. You can never guarantee what exactly is going to happen when you cross the streams. That's why it is so dangerous. 2. Yes. One day it will. Then we'll have to decide what we are going to do. We may have to build another one, but you never know, Egon may have discovered a method of extending its capacity by then. 3. The usual rule is one ghost, one Trap.

1. Why doesn't Ray buy a new gerbil?

2. What did Egon get for Christmas?

— Simon Gregory, Weston-Super-Mare

1. Don't encourage him, Simon. Ray is such a soft touch when it comes to animals. The HQ kitchen is always full of stray cats and dogs that he insists on feeding. 2. Egon got all the usual stuff for Christmas. Usual for Egon anyway. Books on fungi and a new cover for his Tobin's Spirit Guide.

Have you ever had a proper date with a girl?

— Adrian Miller, Solihull

What? WHAT? Of course I have. Are you saying that Dana isn't a proper date?

I think you are great and I love your comic. I really like the SLIME TIME jokes.

— Daniel, York

Aaaah, thank you, Daniel, it's so nice to feel appreciated, although personally, I think my jokes are better!

I have a question for you: What is your favourite ghost in the containment unit?

— Martin Clifford, Bridgwater

Favourite ghost? There's no such thing as a favourite ghost! They are all contained because they are a nuisance to society!

I like your comic a lot and have some questions to ask:

1. What is the altitude limit of ECTO-2?

2. How many types of Ghost Trap are there?

3. How many times have you crossed the Proton Beams?

— Kevin Weldon, Lusk.

1. Well, the ceiling, as we say in aviation circles, is a few thousand feet. 2. There's only one type. 3. That's a pretty dangerous thing to do, y'know, so we've only done it on a handful of occasions.

I would like to ask you a question:

How fast does ECTO-1 go and how do the doors open, is it magic?

— Thomas Crowe, Rochester.

It all depends on who is driving at the time. Have you ever heard of a door handle?

Please can you answer my questions:

1. In Issue ninety-seven's 'Scary Poppins!', why didn't Ray and Winston zap her when she first appeared to them?

2. On the cover of Issue ninety-seven, did the egg hatch out to reveal a monster?

— Nicholas Onions, Stafford.

1. I should imagine that they were shocked and stunned as well they might. I'd like to see what you'd have done in the same situation! 2. We might never know! Well, we might do one day, but that's another story!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

Hanna-Barbera



**NEANDERTHAL
NINCOMPOOPS!**



**PIC-A-NIC BASKET
PANDEMONIUM!**



**MONSTER MASHING
MONGRELS!**

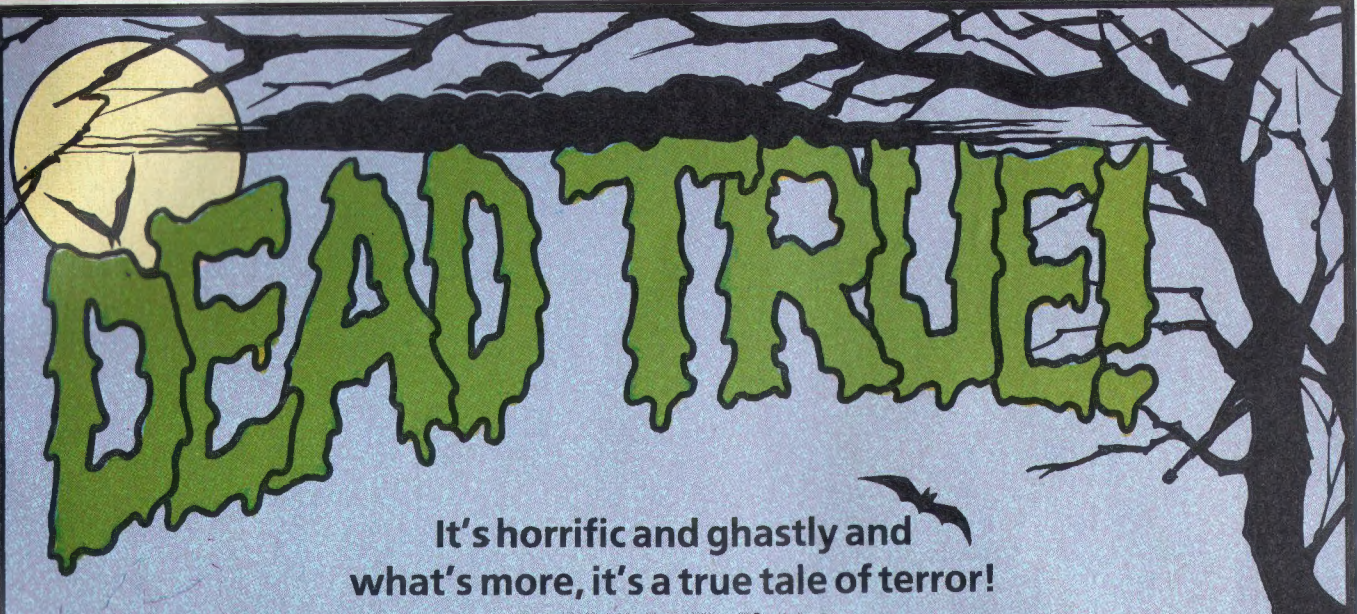


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DEAD TRUE!

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what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



ne warm June evening, Elwyn Thomas was visiting friends in a village in South Wales. Darkness was approaching as the young man decided it was time to return to the country inn where he was staying. He decided to make the most of the pleasant weather and set off on foot. The cry of the night birds and the sound of his footsteps were the accompanying noises as he marched along the uneven, gravel road. Elwyn had been walking for no longer than ten minutes when he experienced an uncontrollable desire to run, and to keep on running until he was as far away from the road as possible. However, he chose instead to ignore the impulse and turned around.

The young man rubbed his eyes vigorously and prayed to God for the image to disappear. However, when he looked again, the terrible sight was still there. Suspended in mid-air was the most hideous face he had ever seen. Greyish-tinged skin hung over the features, apart from the forehead. Bloodless lips formed a wicked grin over a toothless mouth. The cheeks were concaved and corpse-like, and the luminous, piercing eyes seemed to burrow deep into his head. The apparition seemed to hypnotise Elwyn into a state of helplessness. He walked slowly down the road, like a sleep-walker, following the head until it disappeared over a stone wall. The glowing eyes stared mischievously at him as he clambered over

the wall that surrounded the village graveyard. All of a sudden, Elwyn's mind began to spin furiously until he lost consciousness.

Young Thomas laid in the churchyard for about two hours until he came to. Groping through the darkness, he managed to find his way back to the inn where he blurted out the entire episode to the innkeeper. He didn't know whether to be relieved or not when the middle-aged man assured him that he had not been hallucinating. He learned that an eccentric old recluse had once lived in a cottage nearby. The old ruins from the building were around the spot where the distorted face had disappeared.



GAMESHOW GHOST!

